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THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A Satire on the Social Conditions of the United States.

BY RALPH E. HOYT.

The Man in the Moon had often looked out,
As he roamed in his luminous planet about,
And viewed the old earth, ever whirling in space,
With its uncounted millions who make up our race;
And oft he desired to visit this planet,
And within a short range impartially scan it.
At last he invented an air ship, for one,
And when the contrivance was ready to run,
He seated himself in his little balloon
And waived an adieu to his home in the Moon.
Where he first struck the earth, the spot proved to be
The much boasted "land of the brave and the free."
As good fortune would have it, he lit in the city
Where statesmen pretend to be good, wise and witty.
So the capital town he began to explore,
To find curious things he had ne'er seen before.
Having stored his machine in a quiet, safe place,
He proceeded to turn his inquisitive face
Toward "Capitol Hill," where the statesman makes laws,
And for mythical labors his salary draws.
He proceeded at once to get information
On the customs and laws of this big, booming nation;
(For the Man in the Moon learned our language to speak
Before he had been in our country a week.)
And while *some* customs pointed to justice and right,
Some others meant poverty, ruin and blight.
In Congressional halls he spent a short time,
In hopes to hear speeches both strong and sublime;
But a bedlam he found it, with noise and confusion,
And he felt quite relieved when it reached a conclusion.
The Senate had men, he was quietly told,
Who had purchased their seats by the free use of gold,
And instead of their giving the people good laws,
In behalf of the right and Humanity's cause,
They schemed with a view of increasing their millions,
Till their ill-gotten wealth should run into the billions.
He called on the President, at the White House,
Where dwelt "Little Bennie," as snug as a mouse.
When the card was received, Bennie said, with a grin:
"What, the Man in the Moon! Well, let him come in."
The guest entered the room where the little man sat,
Whose election was won by his grandfather's hat;
"I am glad you have come, now take a seat, please;
I hope you will readily feel quite at ease;
I take great delight, in executive station,
In welcoming you as a guest of the nation.
Of the planet you live on, when you are at home,
And from which you have so unexpectedly come,
I have never yet had any chance for inspection;
I'm too busy promoting the cause of protection.

It is mainly by laws that restrict foreign trade
That our nation's great wealth has been rapidly made.
It is true that protection brings increase of prices,
And is always promotive of custom-house vices;
But our industries must be protected, you know,
Or else to the demnition bow-wows we go.
It upholds the syndicate, nurtures the trust,
Which without legislation would speedily bust;
With protection, all persons who work for their wages
Are helped by the laws of Congressional sages
You will find as you journey around 'mong the masses,
Both plenty and peace with the wage-working classes.
It is true that some people complain of high rates,
Which they pay for their goods in each one of the states;
And when at the polls, without proper reflection,
They unwisely declared for McKinley's rejection.
What they need is some very wise, eloquent teachers,
To explain the good law in its various features.
When they know what it means, they will trustingly rest
In the quiet belief that the statesmen knew best.
Beware of Free Traders—their number is legion—
They are spreading all over our Uncle Sam's region;
They would blacken our nation's unequalled renown,
And bring mildew and rot to each city and town.
O, the tariff, it is a beneficent thing;
At our morning devotions its praises we sing.
Should you want further facts, before going away,
See Mr. McKinley, or good Mr. Quay.
And when you return to your far-distant home,
No longer on earth as a stranger to roam,
I hope, unless moon-laws are nearly perfection,
You'll establish a scheme for efficient protection."
Then the President ordered a luncheon to eat,
And invited his guest to the dining-room neat,
Where they chatted and ate and drank until noon—
The Executive Head and the Man in the Moon.
Having seen all he wished of the capital town,
The stranger next went to a place of renown,
Where the Goddess of Liberty stands by the waves,
Near a city half full of industrial slaves.
In New York he saw many a wonderful thing,
Such as nothing but millions of money could bring.
There were mansions of marble, with fixtures of gold,
And hovels of poverty covered with mold.
The money-king plotted and planned for his trust,
While the beggar appealed for a charity crust.
In his carriage of beauty the millionaire rode,
With no thought of injustice his conscience to goad,
The wage-worker having at daylight arisen,
Walked wearily to his industrial prison.
In Wall street great fortunes were made in an hour,
Thus giving to Avarice increase of power.
But factory workers, reluctant or willing,
Must toil many hours for a pitiful shilling.
The clothes of a few cost millions untold,
While thousands half-naked were hungry and cold.
The visitor found that vast numbers of people,
Lived in tenement houses as high as a steeple,
And one thing his deep curiosity moved—
He found half the townsite was yet unimproved.

With so many bare lots being held out of use,
 The moon-man pronounced it a shameful abuse
 That hundreds of thousands were crowded like mice,
 Into hurtful conditions engendering vice.
 But he learned from a resident this explanation:
 That no matter what were his standing or station,
 When any man dared an improvement to make,
 The state a good share of his profits would take.
 For doing an act that was useful and good
 He was fined like a tramp who goes begging for food.
 Then again, many men "owned" desirable ground
 Which, under our laws, they had readily found
 It paid better to hold, for as every one knows,
 It increases in price as society grows.
 It was plain that the state, with its tax-getting hand,
 No improvements should tax, but tax only the land.
 Thus would land speculation, in city and town,
 With its basis of selfishness surely go down;
 For if man could hold Nature's gifts only for use,
 His control of the soil would be free from abuse.
 After spending two months in the nation's big city,
 Seeing much to admire and a vast deal to pity,
 The moon-man decided to visit the West,
 And call at such places as seemed to him best.
 In the Keystone State he paused just for a day,
 To hear what some coal miners might have to say;
 To look into caverns, where beings called men,
 Exist for their masters, like beasts in a den.
 The torches that shed but a flickering light,
 Revealed many a sorrowful, sickening sight,
 And he learned that thousands of laborers there
 Were doomed to toil on in the night of despair,
 With not one ray of hope for a better condition,
 Through effort or skill or request or petition.
 The Coal Barons held the great mines in one hand,
 And grasped with the other the needs of the land;
 They kept their slaves busy, or turned them adrift,
 Just according to how the chief markets might shift.
 The great store-house of Nature, where fuel is found,
 The monopolists claimed, because they "owned" the ground;
 And while millions were forced to put coal on the fire,
 The Barons were forcing the prices still higher.
 Completing his stay as a coal miners' guest,
 The moon-man transferred his remarkable quest,
 To where towns were infrequent, and cities were rare,
 Though of land there was plenty, with acres to spare.
 In his travels through regions the people called new,
 Some very strange spectacles there met his view.
 He found millions of acres of tillable land
 That had never been touched by the husbandman's hand,
 While back in the East, 'mid the city's turmoil,
 There were suffering millions deprived of the soil.
 He learned that these acres were held out of use,
 Without justification or valid excuse.
 Speculation in land, the great curse of the ages,
 Told a tale of injustice on history's pages.
 It told how the octopus reached for the land,
 Grasping millions of acres with unerring hand,
 Holding on with firm grip, in spite of the need
 Of the people, who thus were the victims of greed.



Near each town and each city was plenty of room,
 With no healthy demand for a real estate boom;
 Yet thousands of acres in idleness lay,
 With little or none of the taxes to pay,
 While on every improvement by Industry made
 The hand of taxation was heavily laid.
 Resources of Nature, intended for all,
 Were held by a number most potent, though small,
 Our laws being made for a few favored classes,
 With but little regard for the rights of the masses.
 Thus robbed of their birthright, nine-tenths of the nation
 Were toiling like slaves, without just compensation;
 And that terrible struggle could never be ended
 Till land to the people was freely extended.
 Since Water and Sunshine, the Air and the Light,
 Are bounties of God, to which each has a right,
 Surely LAND, the foundation of physical life,
 Should be free to all men, without struggle or strife.
 And it struck him as being quite curious and strange,
 That men who composed the Alliance and Grange,
 Whose untiring efforts and muscular toil
 Brought life-giving crops from the heart of the soil,
 Were often omitted from wise legislation,
 Tho' promised great things during wild agitation;
 For candidates oft on the eve of election,
 Made friends of the farmers for future rejection.
 Enough had been learned by our traveler keen,
 After cities and towns and the country he'd seen,
 To convince him that with such a social condition
 This country must reap a most dismal fruition.
 "And this," he soliloquized, "people declare
 Is the land of all earth-lands most happy and fair:
 A model Republic, where harmony dwells—
 Yet dotted all o'er with industrial hells.
 If this is true freedom, where, where will I find
 Real slavery's curse, chaining body and mind?
 Such social conditions I loath and abhor,
 They will soon lead to anarchy, chaos and war,
 Unless Justice takes hold of Humanity's cause,
 And boldly repeals such iniquitous laws.
 If this is a sample of nations on earth,
 How could Infinite Wisdom have given them birth?
 I have had quite enough of this sickening scene,
 I will hasten away to my flying machine;
 And without pause or hindrance I'll sail for my home—
 No longer content on this planet to roam."
 Three days later on, at the hour of high noon,
 "Little Bennie" shook hands with the Man in the Moon.
 This time not a greeting, but only "farewell,"
 Was the word that broke into the charm of the spell;
 The visitor, sad in the depths of his heart,
 Stepped into the ship all prepared to depart;
 And, as over the town of corruption he rose,
 The Man in the Moon WAS SEEN HOLDING HIS NOSE!

Single copies of this Poem sent by mail for 10 cents. Three copies, 25 cents.
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